#### KING OF THE JEWS."

AN HISTORIC GREEK, LATIN AND HEBREW SUPERSCRIPTION.

ENEMIES ADMIT HIS ROYALTY.

The Three Languages Used to Proclaim Jesus Christ on the Cross of Calvary Testify in Themselves the Universality of His Reign-Intellect, Conquest and

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Can-ada, in the year 1922 by W. 1 am Baily, of Toada, in the year 19.2 by W. I am Bany, of 10-gonto, at the Dept of Agriculture. Ottawa.

Chicago, Nov. 9.-The supremacy of Christ in the realms of government, dearning and religion is asserted by Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage in this sermon on the text Luke XXIII, 38, And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek and Laun and Heinew, This is the King

Capital punishment has been in vogue among als nations, both civilized and barbaric. But of all modes of capitar punishment, whe her by the hangman's noose, or by decapitation, or slow strangulation, or by burning at the state, the most horrible way for any criminal to die is by the crucifixion mode-that form of public execution which was practised among the Jews. Yet we see Christ as a common criminal, hanging upon the cross and dying by the most intense and agoning form of suffer-

ing, men al and in tinction which there is one vivid from among all singles his death the crucifixions. cription nailed place above the written statehead; of the dvin the crimes for ment des riptive being executed. But instead of an ignominious Christ was murder, or of death for the the board over the head of Christ had written upon nguages this this is the Ling of the Jews . Even in this degradation, humiliation and death that the very man the condemned him to death should have acknowledged his royalty, and thus proclaimed torall generations of all times the great purpose for which Christ was born as a babe n Bethlehem of Ju-Nazareth, ent or which he died upon the salvation of men.

symbolic of the universality of

ing. In that realm our Divine Saviour is k n -lord of the intellect, be-sides being ruler of the heart. He is to be the dominating power in our creat universities and institutions of carning as well as in our Christian Endeavor societies and humble meeteng houses in the backwoods; he is to be the companion of the scientist. like Henry Drummond, who goes to find "A Natural Law In the Spiritual World," as well as the companion of David Livingstone, whose simple story of the nativity to the dignorant black man living among the African swamps or upon the Thanks of the Kongo; he is to be the inspiration of Hugh Miller's geologieal crowbar and Agassiz's laboratory and Isaac Newton's scientific instruments and William Herschel's telescope, as well as the hope of the roar young girl dying in the springtime of youth who accepts him as "the evidence of things not seen." The superscription must be in Greek learned, the cultured, the refined. The Grock language has always been the ssymbol of culture and refinement. It his the language of the poet and sculpfor and architect and musician and philosopher and statesman; it is the Janguage of intellectuality, because in the time of Christ it was exclusively the tengue of the literati, as the French language during the ninemage of all Europe. So in the Greek superscription written over the cross insymbol (h ist seems to say. The gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ shall successfully appeal to the intellectual man as well as to the ignorent, to the calm, cold, carefully weighing, scientific mind as well as the impulsive love of the little

But though the superscription over the cross had the sentence, "This is the King of the Jews," written in the Greek language, there are thousands and tens of thousands of infidel scoffers who continually sneer at Christ's name and at the word of God. They pretend to think that the religion of the Lord Jesus never. appeals to the brain. They assert that the gospel is only a relic of the superstitious and barbaric ages fit only for shallow, effeminate men, sent-imental women and sick children. They assert that the Bread of Life is only fit for the one purpose of bea ing rolled up into small, harmless pellets to be fed to invalids to calm their nerves when they are very sick or hopelessly dying. These scoffing Paul's position. I bade my guide infidels seems able to study every science and law, calmly and deliberately and intelligently, and yet are not able to intelligently investigate the

religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. If the Bible does not satisfy the infellect, how can you account for the fact that it has commanded the admiration of the greatest thinkers of th ages? If this book, which acchaims Christ, does not bear the investigation of the mind, how was it that Sir Willam Jones, the greatest iron ring riveted into the wall a lit-linguistic human being who ever lived, once said in reference to that Bi- were drawn up by rheumatism, the able, "I have carefully and regularly result of his prison confinements, His

perused the Scriptures and am of the opinion that this book, independent of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history and finer strains of eloquence than can be collected from all other books, no matter in what language they may have been writ-

If this Pible does not appeal to the brain, how is it that science and revelation, by the statements of the Bible, are daily becoming more and more harmonized? As intelligent men, do you not know that, though the scientists have for centuries been squabbling, these differences are gra-Pardoning Love Signified by the Three dually passing away and that science and revelation are coming into closer and no e harmonious relations in regard to many things whereon they formerly disagreed? It is only within a few weeks that Professor Sayce, writing on the latest archaeological discoveries, said: 'In every case where we can test the Bible story by contemporaneous monuments, the authenticity of which is doubted by no one, we find it confirmed and explained, even in the minutest points." Do you not know, as intelligent men and women, that many recent discoveries of the archacologists prove that the leaves of the Bible, some of them written 3,-000 years ago, are absolutely in acco.'d with scientific facts which are continually being revealed?

That the Bible and modern scientific statements are being more and more harmonized by recent investigations and discoveries is illustrated by an incident which happened some years ago in the city of Philadelphia while I was preaching there. If you ever had any dealings with medical students, you know that there is proportionately more infidelity among them as a class than among any other body of young men. Most of this infidelity, I believe, is caused at exception is by the evil influences of the dissectwas customary professor, while lecturing upon the body quoted the well known passage in Job, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," a titter of derision ran around the classroom. The college ng that Jesus | professor raised his hand for silence, and said: "Tut, tut, tut, gentlemen: there is no need for laughing. I am rection against | not a minister, nor a son of a minister, nor am I a professing Christian, but I here and now want to state that the more I study that Bible the more it appeals to my intelligence as an inspired book. I am as firmly convinced that the Bible is inspired as was the centurian convinced of the divinity of Christ, when at the foot of the cross he cried out in awe, Truly, this man was the son of God.' This very passage just quot-This very passage just quoted displays a knowledge which could not have been acquired by the man who wrote it in any other way than by revelation. For centuries scientists ridiculed Job's simile about the Let me describe how the three lan- skin of the teeth. But a few years guages-hy Greek, the Latin and ago a microscope was invented with the Hebrew-which were united in the such powerful lens that, much to the goes on the bodies of the slain befound that Job was right. Over the tooth there is a thin skin, the infintesimal part of an inch in thickness. Nobedy was ever able to see this skin with the naked eye, yet Job saw it in inspiration thousands of years before the microscope was inthat science and revelation are becoming more and more harmonized. Everywhere we see that Jesus in the Greek superscription is appealing to the brain or to the intellectual part of man as well as to his feelings, or to the sentiments of his heart.

The superscription on the cross was written also in Latin. This implies that Christ will one day be the supreme ruler of the world as well as the king of the intellect and the ruler of the heart. Rome means conquest. In that one word of four letters we have the tramp of the invading legions of, a Julius Caesar triumphing over the Gauls or of the Augustan hosts annexing the kingdom of a Cleopatra to the Empire, or we see the gleaming spears of a Scipio driving the mighty Hannibal over the Alps and hurling him back across the seas, or we hear the huge battering rams of a Titus crashing in the gates of the Davidic capital. As England to-day, on account of her great navy and numerous mercantile fleets, is called the "mistress of the seas," so Rome, on account of her great armies and navies, could claim to be ruler of the seas as well as the "mist-tess of the world." All roads were once supposed to lead to Rome and meet at the foot of Caesar's throne: so all temporal power shall some day render allegiance to the throne of grace.

One night some years ago, after a day spent among the ruined palaces of Rome, I had two visions which brought before my imagination in vivid contrast the beginning and the consummation of Christ's kingdom. In one I saw the helplessness of the few Christians in that great city during the period following the erucifixion: in the other I saw in imagination the time of the millennium, when all peoples shall acclaim Christ Lord

Scene the First -I was standing in a dark Roman dungeon excavated under another dungeon. It is called Paul's dungeon. There is a little hole in the roof about two feet square. Through this little aperture the prisoner used to be lowered by ropes. Riveted into the stone wall was an iron ring, to which the help-less victim could be chained. The wall of that dungeon, even on that hot summer day, were damp and cold. As I stood there I wanted to place myself as nearly as possible in leave me and take away the light. I wanted to be alone. As the guide left the loneliness became appalling. Even the echoes of the departing footsteps seemed to make those prison walls the more awfully and hopelessly gruesome. As the light disappeared the darkness rushed in and seemed to press my eyebasis like living coals of fire into my throbbing brain. Then in imagination I thought I could see crouching by the

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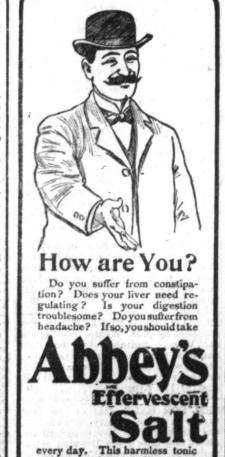
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weak eyes were now straining themselves to catch a glimpse of the executioner, who came nearer and nearer to the aperture above, as my guide with the lantern approached the hole. Then in imagination as my guide spoke I seemed to hear the executioner call out in a harsh, cruel voice : 'Paul, Paul, come up! Caesar says thou art to die. Come up; come Then the little old Jew answered in a weak though firm voice And now I am ready to be offered. The vision was one of the conquest of wrong over right. The vision was that of one of Satan's hirelings triumphing over God's messengers. Scene the Second.-It is midnoon. I am standing upon the top of the great Coliseum. Before me are crowded together 100,000 men and women, a great mass of humanity, rising tier above tier, and height above height. Yonder sits the emperor, surrounded by his chief military officers and by the members of the famous Senate. There is the place reserved for the vestal virgins. Here are the rooms of the peasants and the middle classes. All the sightseers are flushed and excited. roses in the young girls' cheeks blush. even to a deeper red than the drunken flush on the faces of their intoxicated lords. As the entertainment

soaked sand is sprinkled with precious powders to allay the odor. Now an awning is drawn over the assembrays of the fiery eastern sun. Now the air is redolent with aromatic perfumes. This is a national holiday. Caesar is celebrating the victories of the Roman armies. Now the arena is flooded with water. The ships float in. There is a naval battle. Now the gladiators cut and slash and wrestle and die.

After awhile even this sport beomes tame. For what are they waiting? They are saving the best until the last. They are now going to let loose the wild beasts upon the the Christians. The twilight is coming on. Some of the Christians are bound and fastened to poles and covered with pitch and set afire to make the dusk. While these flaming torches leap and splutter and play in the centre of the arena are huddled together scores of men and women who are about to die. While the merciless multitudes look on, the doomed Christians all kneel, except one old patriarch with long, white beard, who stands in their midst to lead in prayer. Now the iron gates are



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every organ and will remove all theunpleasantfeaturesthatattend

a sluggish liver. Your health and

spirits will be so improved that

your friends will scarcely know you. Pleasant to take—surely bene-ficial, but be sure that you get the genuine "Abbey's."

swung back. With one mighty lean, a huge lion lands upon the sands. At first the flaming torches blind his eyes and compel him to blink. Then he looks around upon the 200,000 human eyes watching him. Then the star ing brute suddenly sees the trembling Christians in the centre of the arena. He squats. His claws egin to work convulsively. He crawls nearer and nearer to his prey. He makes one leap. There's a wo-man's scream. Then with savage ferocity the African monster drags off the body and begins to munch the

Again the sport grows tame. The cople are beginning to disperse; the man torches are going out; darkess is blotting out everything. With olded arms I turn to go down the steps, saying to myself as I go, "Is it not awful that all these Christians should have been slain for nothing; that all this blood should have been uselessly spilt?" But as Isoliloquized thus a young girl touches my arm. I turn and look at her. She has a sweet face. She says, "You do not know me!" "No," I answer; "I have never seen you before." "Well," she says, "I know you. I saw you when you read my epitaph this morning in the catacombs. My father and mother were eaten in this massacre, but they are not dead. Come, let me show you something. The Coliseum at this time is deserted." But as the young girl speaks suddenly a strange light appears. The walls of the Coliseum begin to enlarge. They grow so high that they lift themselves above the clouds; they grow so wide that they are larger than two hemispheres. Then this huge Coliseum begins to fill up. Angels and archangels and all the redeemed of heaven fill the galleries. Men and women of all naionalities-white and black and yellow and brown-crowd into the seats

which fill the arena, By the Hebrew superscription nailed to the cross I proclaim a universal pardon and salvation for all sinners. Jesus Christ once said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." So to-day I lift high the lebrew superscription of the cross cry out in the words of Revelation, The Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that is athirst come and take of the water of life freely." Sinner, to-day, through the atonement as proclaimed in the Hebrew superscription, will you come and worship the Christ of the intellect, the Chris of coming universal domain, and al so the Christ who died that we might all have a part in his future ruler-

Would that we might one and all be able to interpret the three superscriptions over the cross in the way that the dying Christians tried to in-terpret them. The watcher by the bedside heard her mother whisper "Bring! Bring!" The daughter said to the dying woman, "Mother, what shall I bring?" "Oh," answered the dying woman. "Bring! Bring!" Then he daughter asked again, "But mother, what shall I bring?" "Why cried the dying woman, "bring forth the royal diadem and crown him by the blood of Jesus Christ, which was shed for sin crown Christ King of the heart. King of the head and rown him a King of heaven and of arth, even as the superscription over the cross declared in three different anguages that Christ was the King

Torquay and Cork are the warmest places in the United Kingdom. Their mean temperature is 52

A MAN'S BLUSHES. He Will Fly the Red Signal More

Quickly Than a Woman.

"If there is any one thing that makes me want to get up and talk right out in meeting it is to hear it said of a man that 'he blushes like a woman.' said the social philosopher to a representative of the New York Times. "How women ever gained the repu-

tation of having run up a corner in blushes is beyond my comprehension. The report does her a grave injustice, for as a matter of fact she not only has no monopoly in blushes, but does not make use of the share that [coperly belongs to her. There are some women, of course, who blush if you even blink an eyelid in their direction, but as a general thing men. blush much more readily and more violently than

"This is not a random statement that I am making for the purpose of hearing myself talk, but a sober deduction founded on careful observation. For years I have made it a point to study the sexes in moments of embarrassment, and the statistics I have jotted down prove that in nine cases out of ten the average man will fly the red signal of distress much more quickly than the average woman. This holds good in all sorts of situations.

"Crack a joke at a man's expense, he blushes; ply him with awkward questions, he blushes; subject him to some humiliation or let some ludicrous accident befall him in public, and he straightway rivals the boiled lobster in hue. A woman may redden slightly upder the same circumstances, but her blush is diluted and perfunctory compared with the brilliant, sunlit glow that suffuses the countenance of man.

"I don't attempt to explain the phenomenon-physiologists and moralists may do that if they can-but merely give the facts for what they are worth in the hope that the next time a story writer has a crop of blushes to dispose of he will ring a few changes on the old phrase that has done duty for generations and say of the heroine that she 'blushed like a man.' "

It requires a lot of nerve to tell some men the things they ought to

The rarest feeling that ever lights human face is the contentment of a



or for an operation, made necessary by advanced stages of female troubles which have resulted in ovaritis, a tumor, or displacement of the womb.

"AN OPERATION NECESSARY."

How these words after the examination strike terror to a woman's soul, and with what regrets she hears them, when she considers that the operation has become necessary through her own neglect. Female derangements cannot cure themselves, and neglecting the warnings of nature only means putting it off until there is no cure. The woman-who lets her trouble make headway pays the penalty of a dangerous operation and a lifetime of impaired usefulness at the best, and the operation often proves fatal when her life might have been saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration; or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, and the blues, they should remember that there is one tried and never-failing remedy; 'Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound at once removes such troubles.

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I cannot tell you how much good you have done me and how thankful I am to you for it. For five years I have not been free from pain for a day. I have had backaches, headaches, and those awful dragging sensations with leucorrhoea, and when menstruation appeared I was in such a condition I could hardly sit up. I doctored all the time, but nothing helped me, and I was told that an operation was necessary.

"Two months ago a friend suggested that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No one knows what it has done for me and how thankful I am for it. It brought me the first well days I have had for five years. It did for me what doctors could not do, and I want every suffering woman to know about it." - Louise Nauer, 751 E. 166th St., New York City.

about it."—Louise Nauer, 751 E. 166th St., New York City.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wish to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had terrible hemorrhages, being lacerated from the birth of my child. The doctor told me that if I would have an operation I would be well and strong. I submitted to it, but was worse than before; no one knows what I suffered. Finally a friend advised me to try your Vegetable Compound; I did so, and commenced to feel better; I continued its use, and it has done for me what doctors could not do. I am strong and well. If women with any kind of female troubles would only consult you before submitting to an operation they would be spared many hours of pain and suffering. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me."—Anna Kirchhoff, 156 E. 100th St., New York City.

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